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TWELVE PRECISELY!

OR,

A NIGHT AT DOVER:

An Interlude,

IN ONE ACT.

AS

PERFORMED AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE,

STRAND,

Monday, Jan. 1, 1821.

BY H. M MILNER,

Author of "Jew of Lubeck," "Barmecide," "Giovanni in Paris," &c. &c.

London:

PRINTED FOR JOHN LOWNDES, 25, BOW STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

1821

Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Ferdinand Frisky ..... Mr. Rowbotham.
Brass ..... Mr. Vale.
Landlord ..... Mr. Mildenhall.

Amelia Wildlove ..... Mrs. W. S. Chatterley.
Katty O'Carrol ..... Mrs. W. S. Chatterley!
Marchioness de Grenouille .. Mrs. W. S. Chatterley!!
Captain Wildlove ..... Mrs. W. S. Chatterley!!!
Marquis de Grenouille .... Mrs. W. S. Chatterley!!!!
Peggy ..... Miss Healey.

Servants, Messrs. Downing, Buxton, &c.

EXPLANATION.

R. H. D. *Signifies Right Hand Door.*
L. H. D. ..... *Left Hand Door.*
M. D. ..... *Middle Door.*

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TWELVE PRECISELY;

&c.

SCENE.—*A Large Apartment, or Gallery, in an Inn, communicating by Three Doors in the Flat, with other Apartments.*

Enter the LANDLORD, *conducting* AMELIA *and* PEGGY.

LAND. This way, ma'am, this way; you shall have a most delightful apartment---overlooking the water, ma'am; and on a clear day, you may almost see Paris, ma'am, in the distance!

PEG. You seem able to stretch a pretty long distance beyond the mark, landlord.

AME. Which of the rooms is intended for me, pray?

LAND. (*Opening the door of* L. H. *room*) This is it, ma'am, and a most delightful, airy, pleasant room you'll find it.

AME. But cannot I be accommodated with the one next to it, for my servant? I am always accustomed to have her near me, and should not chose to be separated from her, in a strange place.

LAND. I'm sure, ma'am, I should be very happy to accommodate you in any thing; but most unfortunately, that room is occupied by a young gentleman just arrived from Paris.

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AME. How unlucky!

PEG. How provoking! Can't you get him out of it, and pop him into some other snug birth?---the creature surely wouldn't refuse to oblige my mistress.

LAND. If the lady pleases, I can convey a request from her.

AME. By no means: I must submit to the inconvenience. But---

LAND. The next room to that is very much at your ladyship's service, and there is a light closet runs at the back of the gentleman's room, which communicates with both of the others.

AME. Indeed! Oh, that will do vastly well; very well indeed:---I shall occupy this room, then; (*designating* L. H.) and you, Peggy, must have that; (*pointing to* R. H.) You will have the goodness (*to landlord*) to order your people to bring up our trunks, and place them in these apartments.

LAND. Certainly, my lady.

(*Exit landlord.*)

AME. Well, Peggy, here we are, as far as Dover, on our way to Paris! and the Fates, for the present, are adverse to our further progress. The wind blows so strongly against them, that the Calais Pacquets will not venture out till it changes.

PEG. I'm sure, ma'am, I think the best thing we can do, is to go back to London directly; and it would have been better still, if we had never left it. You, my lady, that might pick and chuse amongst the finest lords in the land, to be running all over the world after such a whimsical, unaccountable fellow as Sir Ferdinand Frisky.

AME. I am satisfied, Peggy, that I possessed the heart of Sir Ferdinand, and notwithstanding all his eccentricities, I think it is worth preserving. His strange departure for Paris, almost on the eve of our intended marriage, was one of those fantasies which stamp his character---perhaps meant as a trial of my constancy.---By following him to Paris, I shall not only shew him that my heart is with him, but may preserve him from a thousand follies, and prove to him, that I too, can act independently, and have my whims as well as himself.

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PEG. And very proper indeed, that you should, ma'am! Oh! if I had a sweetheart that played me such tricks---I'd shew him as good as he gave, I'll warrant me.

(*During this dialogue, the servants of the inn have conveyed trunks and boxes into the* R. H. *and* L. H. *rooms.*)

AME. Let us proceed to inspect our apartments, and hope that after a good night's rest, we shall find the wind fair for Calais in the morning.

(*Exit into* L. H. *room.*)

PEG. It is an odd freak of my mistress's to follow her harum-scarum lover into France; but perhaps I may meet with one there, who may think it worth his while to follow me to England. I'll lead him a pretty dance!--I'm not like my mistress---I'm a match for all the fellows on this side of the water, or on the other either.

(*Peggy retires to the* R. H. *room. As she is going, enter* BRASS, *from Middle Room.*)

BRASS. Why no, it can't be; and yet I believe it was! ---can my eyes deceive me? or was that Peggy?---our Peggy?---Miss Amelia's Peggy?--my Peggy? What the devil can she be at here? What's she going to France too?---well there's more mad folks in the world besides me and my master, that's clear.

SIR F. (*Calls from the room.*) Brass!---here, Brass, I say!---what are you about there?

BRASS. I'm ruminating, sir--Well, who'd have thought that one of the first persons I should see would be Peggy?

Enter SIR F. *from Middle Door.*

SIR F. Ruminating, sir! what the devil do you mean by ruminating, when you ought to be in my room, sir?

BRASS. Oh, sir! such a discovery! such a marvellous event, sir! it quite confounds me, and upsets my understanding.

SIR F. You're a confounded impudent fellow, to prate to me about your discoveries; and I shall upset you, if you are not more attentive.

BRASS. What do you think, Sir?

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SIR F. What do I think?---upon my soul, that's a polite question! Why, I think you are grown very impertinent.

BRASS. I saw her, sir:---I'm sure I saw her.

SIR F. Saw who? Who the devil did you see?

BRASS. Our Peggy, sir, as I'm a living sinner!

SIR F. Our Peggy!---and pray whom do you honor with that epithet? Who is the Peggy that claims equally both our services?

BRASS. I mean Miss Amelia's Peggy, sir.

SIR F. Amelia's Peggy!

BRASS. Yes, sir; and you may depend upon it, her mistress is not far off.

SIR F. Not far off!---Amelia at Dover!---Impossible! She's pining away in London, at my apparent desertion of her:---her heart's almost broken by this time, I'm sure.

BRASS. Ah, sir! it was a sad thing, this whim of your's---this trip to Paris, just when you should have tripped to church.

SIR F. Don't say a word, sir:---it was but fair, that before I committed my person to the monopoly of one woman, I should give the dear creatures on the other side of the water a chance; and, upon my soul, they were very grateful for it.

BRASS. Yes, sir, we didn't find 'em any ways particular.

SIR F. But the compassionate disposition of my nature soon brought me back. I pictured to myself the anguish that the poor creature would endure in my absence---it overcame my tender feelings; and I had no sooner enjoyed all the fun that I could meet with in Paris, than I determined to come straight back again to London, to see how she consoled herself.

BRASS. Aye; it would have served you right, sir, if she had listened to the addresses of some one else.

SIR F. Suggest such an idea again, scoundrel! and it is the last time that thou shalt address a human creature.

(*A chord or two from a piano-forte are heard from* L. H. *door.*)

BARSS. Hark, sir!---perhaps some one will sing.

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AMELIA *Sings, within.*

The hand that rear'd the tender rose,
Its blooming beauty cherished;
But quitting then the fav'rite task,
The hapless flow'ret perished.

So woman's heart, whilst fondly loved,
In youth and gladness blooming,
Is wither'd, when its joy's removed,
By inward care consuming.

SIR F. By Heaven! 'tis she herself. Through all the world I should know it!---'tis Amelia's voice.

BRASS. I told you so, sir.

SIR F. Amelia here, at Dover! How perplexing! What can she be doing here?---

BRASS. Oh!---I shouldn't wonder if she's married, sir, and is singing to amuse her husband.

SIR F. Hold thy croaking, thou bird of ill omen! Married!---is it possible?---But she may be playing some trick---Women are not to be trusted; that has always been my motto.---I'll know what she's about---I'll see her.---Oh, if she is on any amorous expedition, I'll plague her---(*Amelia and Peggy peep out from* R. H. *door.*)---I'll stick to her---I'll assume disguises---I'll change my form oftener than Proteus himself---I'll watch her every movement---penetrate her every thought,---I'll never quit her;---and if she should prove unfaithful---if her constancy should waver for a moment,---if she should love another,---I'll---I'll---go back to Paris, and marry the opera girl I kept there!

BRASS. But recollect, sir, the six little ones.

SIR F. No, Brass, that'll never do.---I'll see Amelia!---I'll see her immediately!---I'll ask an explanation of this journey,---I'll know from her own lips what is her determination! (*Goes and raps at* L. H. *door.*) Ma'am!---I say, Ma'am!---Miss Amelia!---Amelia!---My Amelia---'tis Ferdinand speaks!

BRASS. Yes, Miss, 'tis Sir Ferdinand his own self; and here am I, Brass, at his elbow;---you know his Brass, Ma'am.

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SIR F. Hold your tongue, you impudent scoundrel! Amelia! dear, lovely, sweet Amelia! answer me.

(AMELIA *and* PEGGY *are, meanwhile, watching and laughing at them from* R. H. *door.*)

What, won't you answer? Won't you speak to your own dear Ferdinand?---Amelia!

(*Returning away from the door.* AMELIA *and* PEGGY *retire.*)

No, I'll be damn'd if she will! --- I don't know what to make of this; it wears a very awkward look---I'll swear I heard her voice from that very room.

BRASS. And I'll swear I saw Peggy, sir.

SIR H. I *must* get into that room; I *will* have that door opened.--Amelia! if you don't open the door, I'll break it open.---Aye, they're determined not to open it.---By heavens! I begin to suspect that there *is* a man there---but I'll have him out, the villain! I'll expose the perfidious fair one--- I'll open a scene!---Do you run, Brass, and get me an iron crow, a pick-axe, a shovel;---if you can't get any thing else, bring the kitchen-poker!---whilst I go and make enquiries of the landlord; for satisfied I will be; and I'll break the door, if I can't break her heart. (*Exit.*)

BRASS. Directly, sir.

(*Exit.*)

Enter AMELIA *and* PEGGY.

PEG. So, so, madam---you see we need have no further anxiety about the wind and the pacquet-boats; this whirligig lover has come back on his steps, and seems as ardent as ever.

AM. More ardent than discreet or respectful.---He'll assume disguises, he'll watch my steps, and penetrate my thoughts;---but he shall find me a match for him, upon that score, I'll promise him. Do you, Peggy, go down by that staircase, and communicate my instructions to the landlord;---spare no money---whilst I prepare for the plan I have arranged.---Take care, good Sir Ferdinand, that you are not caught in your own trap!

(*Exeunt* AMELIA *and* PEGGY.)

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Enter SIR FERDINAND, *followed by* BRASS, *with the Kitchen Poker.*

BRASS. Here, sir, is the kitchen-poker; it is the best tool I have been able to get; and I was obliged to give the fat cook half a dozen kisses before she would let me have it.

SIR F. I can learn nothing from the landlord, but that the young lady and her servant arrived about half an hour ago, and enquired very particularly about the Calais pacquets.

BRASS. Ah! sir, they're bitten by the same madness as ourselves; they're off for France.

SIR F. Aye, aye!---but I have a word or two to say to that bargain: the lover is to meet them, and they are to be married in France.---Eh! but I'll have a little explanation with Miss Amelia on that head, however. (*Goes to the door.*) Once for all, Amelia, will you open the door?---You won't? Then I will; so here goes.

(*Takes the poker from* BRASS, *and strikes the door violently.*)

Enter AMELIA *from the* L. H. *door, dressed as a Waiting Maid.*

AME. Och! gentlemen, and would you be after breaking the door down, now?

BRASS. What? that is not Peggy!---or has she learnt that beautiful brogue since I last had the pleasure of seeing her?---Pray are you Peggy?---and if you are, how long have you turned Irish?

PEG. Peggy! sure if you would be knowing my name, its Katty, at your honour's service.

SIR F. Zounds and the devil! I'm afraid this Irish girl's bulls will give me a pair of horns!---Well, Miss Katty, and what is your mistress's name?

AME. I'm not at liberty to tell your honour; my mistress is travelling *incog.*

SIR F. Incog!--the devil she is!--But where is she?---where is she going?---not to Ireland, by the way of Dover, I suppose?---let me see her?---tell her that Sir Ferdinand Frisky demands an interview.

AME. Fait, then, he must be contint with demanding that same:---the devil a sight of her beautiful face will he get the day.

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SIR F. Pshaw! nonsense! don't talk about it; tell her I must, and will see her.

AME. Och! St. Patrick himself could not see her if he were here now---bating the Saint might be in two places at once.

SIR F. Pooh! pooh! I'm not to be trifled with! stand aside, child---you force me to be rude; but I will see her!

(*Pushes past* AMELIA, *and enters* L. H. *door.*)

BRASS. But where's Peggy, child?---do you know Peggy?

AME. Mistress's other attindant, is it you are maning?

Re-enter SIR FERDINAND *from* L. H. *door.*

SIR F. By hell! she is not there:---but I'll not give it up, if she'd a hundred Irish hussies to assist her plans. Tell me, wretch! where is she concealed?

AME. In a post chaise, sir.

SIR F. Concealed in a post chaise!---how odd! I'll search all the post chaises about the inn immediately.

AME. You may do that same, but by my sowl, you'd better begin the sarch at Brighton, for the chaise is half way there by this time---bating the bastes haven't gone poorly by the way.

SIR F. Death and the devil! What? gone! fled!---off, out of my reach!

AME. And myself will be after packing up the bits of things, and going in the mail in the morning---bating the mail don't go to night.

SIR F. Bating the devil! But I'll follow this minute, as soon as horses can be clapped to.---Four horses did you say your mistress had?

AME. Yes;---bating one was a mare, and the other a pony, which is much the same thing.

SIR F. Then I'll have six. Here, landlord! waiter! ostler! groom!---where the devil are you all?

Enter the LANDLORD,

LAND. What is your pleasure, sir?

SIR F. Get ready a chaise and six in an instant.

LAND. I'm afraid it's out of my power.

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SIR F. You must do it, at all events. I'll pay any charge you please,---but a chaise and six I must have.

LAND. (*Exchanging the wink with Amelia.*) I'm exceedingly sorry, but the very last pair of horses I had in my stables are gone out with a chaise, within the last five minutes.

BRASS. The devil they are!

SIR F. What, and cannot I follow her? Confusion seize your inn, and your stables too! No horses?---Put to mules or asses!---damn it, can't you draw it yourself?---I'll shoot myself!---I'll shoot you, landlord!---I'll shoot you, Brass!---and I have a good mind to shoot you too, you little devil, you.

LAND. I expect some horses in about midnight, sir.

SIR F. Midnight!---Oh! by midnight, Amelia will be at Brighton;---before I can get there, she will have embarked; before I can procure a packet, she will be at Dieppe, and I shall lose sight of her for ever!

LAND. I can only promise you the first horses that come in, sir. [*Cross and Exit*, L. H.

BRASS. Have you any commands for me, sir?

SIR F. No,---yes,---go,---go to the devil!

BRASS. With your permission, sir, I'll go to supper in preference. [*Exit* BRASS.

SIR F. I shall go mad!---I'll certainly go stark raving mad! No I won't--I won't go mad for any woman.--I'll keep my senses,--I'll live and enjoy myself,--I'll eat, drink, and be merry,--I'll make love to every woman I meet,---Upon my soul, my dear, now I come to look at you, you are almost as pretty as your mistress,---and, now I look again, you are a devilish deal prettier.---I really think, my dear, that I'm half in love with you.

AME. Love is it? fait I must have whole love, or none at all at all.

SIR F. You are a devilish fine girl, let me tell you. Give me a kiss?

AME. Ah, now! what would you be after with a poor Irish serving girl?---wouldn't paple be making their remarks?

SIR F. Oh that's it, is it? I see you are awake, my dear. Well, then, we'll talk about these things by and bye.---Will you meet me here presently, when all the house is quiet?

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AME. Och, it's a swate, insinuating crature, you are, and I can't find in my heart to refuse you the favor.

SIR F. Dear creature!---then you will meet me? What time shall we say?

AME. Fait, Twelve Precisely---a convanient time enough.

SIR F. Twelve Precisely!---Oh, it's a most charming time.

AME. But what would mistress be after saying, if she knew?

SIR F. Oh never mind your mistress, my dear; she's far enough off by this time, and can't know any thing about it.

AME. (*Aside.*) I wouldn't have you make too sure of that.

SIR F. Twelve Precisely, my angel!---Seal the bargain with a kiss, and till twelve, adieu! (*Kisses her.*)

AME. Och! you divil, you! [*Exit into* L. H. *room.*]

Re-enter BRASS, R. H. *wing, eating.*

BRASS. Upon my word, sir, it's too bad; it is, indeed, sir.

SIR F. What's too bad, sir?

BRASS. Oh, sir! you, sir!---One can't turn one's back a minute, but you're interfering in one's department.

SIR F. Interfering in your department?---what the devil do you mean, sir?

BRASS. Why really, sir, I do think, under favor, that whilst we are on our travels, you might content yourself, sir, with making love to the ladies, sir, and leave the maids to me.

SIR F. Oh, you think that I ought to leave the maids to you, do you, sir? you monopolizing rascal! But let me tell you, sir, that maids or mistresses, I shall take the liberty of chusing for myself; and it so happens, in this instance, that the mistress is gone, and the maid is all that is left.

BRASS. Well, upon my word, it's really very hard, sir;---I'm sure you would not like it, if I were to make love to any of your ladies, and cut you out.

SIR F. And upon my word, you are a very insolent person; and if you don't pretty speedily convey your

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carcase out of my sight, I shall make your case still harder, by a few kicks well applied.

BRASS. I beg you wouldn't mention it, sir.---I'm sure I meant no offence.

SIR F. Be off, sir. [*Exit* BRASS.

AME. (*Without, by* R. H. *door.*) Monsieur le Marquis, vous êtes tout a fait butôr, et je ne souffrirai nullement, vos insolences.

Enters from R. H. *door, dressed as a Parisian Belle.*

Ah! Monsieur, je vous demande bien pardon.

SIR F. Madame, a vous, pour jamais.---Never saw so lovely a creature in my life!---why there is not her equal in all Paris!---what grace! what loveliness!---My dear madam, can I be of any service?---I thought I heard you utter the language of complaint---I'm sure, madam, I shall be very happy to chastise---

AME. Ah! oui, Monsieur le Marquis, what it is my husband, vraiment il est un bête---it is von brute, vat he is---mais n'importe, je ne m'en soucis guere, it is not vat I shall care for him.

SIR F. My dear lady, surely no man could have the heart to treat with indifference such exquisite loveliness!

AME. Oh, Monsieur! vous etes bien poli---mais, but, dese animals, de vat you call husbands, dey are always de great bore.

SIR F. Very true, ma'am; it is sometimes the case.---I'm sorry you find it so.---I'm sure, if it were in my power to offer any consolation---if the devotion of my life---the warmest affection of my heart, could alleviate your cares, I should be too happy in laying them at your feet. (*Aside*) I know the way to titivate these French women.---I haven't been to Paris for nothing.

AME. Ah! Que vous avez le cœur tendre---your little heart is so tender. How ver kind you are: vraiment je me sens attendrie---I feel my littel heart go jomp, jomp, pit, pat. I shall be ver charmé to show you how moche I am penetrè---de vat you call toched---by your civilitè.

SIR F. Oh, most charming of creatures! Permit me ---(*throws himself on his knee, and kisses her hand*) to vow to protect you against all earthly dangers! to love you!---to---to---to---(*Aside*) What shall I say next?

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AME. Oui; mais, Monsieur le Marquis is so ridicule, so ver stupide, d'être un peu jaloux, to be von littel bit jealous of his wife.

SIR F. Oh! damn his jealousy!---Come, my angel, suffer me to protect you at once from his jealousy and his brutality; take refuge in my arms---in my heart!

AME. Ah que je suis foible---how ver weak I am. It is impossible vat I should resist your addresse si touchante.---You are so pathetique.---Oui je suis---I feel dat my heart shall be your's, a jamais, for ever.

SIR F. Kind, exquisite, delightful creature!---Happy, happy, Ferdinand!

AME. Mais il faut que je fasse retour;---I must go back to de Marquis; he shall come and catch me here; et ca n'ira pas du tout. Oh, non! non!

SIR F. When shall I see you again then, my angel?

AME. Certainement, I shall come to you, je vous chercherais, sur les minuit, vat it is you call twelve o'clock.

SIR F. Twelve o'clock, did you say?

AME. A minuit precisement---at twelve precisely.

SIR F. Twelve! bless me, that's rather awkward---you couldn't make it half past, could you?

AME. Ah no! at twelve precise.

SIR F. Say a quarter past, there's a dear creature.

AME. Non! non! non! at twelve precisement--- comment donc vous ne voulez pas. A ladie come to you, you no laissez mois, let me fix de time.

SIR F. Oh yes, my dear creature, any time in the world---all and every thing shall be sacrificed for your sake---at twelve, be it then.

AME. Je vous verrai donc---I shall meet you here, a-top dis very place.

SIR F. By all that's lovely!

AME. Au revoir! Adieu! mon mignon, my pretty creature!

SIR F. Adieu! sweet charmer:---I shall count the minutes.

(He kisses her hand; she retires by R. H. *door.)*

At twelve precisely!---how cursedly awkward!---why that's the very hour of my appointment with the little chambermaid. It seems quite a favourite time with the ladies.---What the devil is to be done?---it's very certain

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that I can't manage them both at once---I must give up one, then---which is it to be?---why, surely the Marchioness must have the preference---and then I must resign the soubrette to Brass:---that's a cursed pity! but it can't be helped; that fellow must be trusted with all, he must take her off my hands.---Here, Brass!

Enter BRASS.

BRASS. Here I am, sir---wherever you are, Brass is not very far off.

SIR F. Brass, I am a very kind, good-natured master to you, Brass.

BRASS. Pretty well, thank you, sir.

SIR F. I am going to do you a great favor, Brass.

BRASS. I am much obliged sir; it is not to pay me my wages, is it, sir?

SIR F. No, Brass, it is not that; but I am going to make you the happiest of men;---I am going to bestow on you a gift, which monarchs might envy.

BRASS. Lord! sir, what is it?

SIR. F. (*Softly and significantly.*) I am going to give up to you the pretty little chambermaid.

BRASS. Is that all sir?

SIR. F. All! and what the devil would you have more, fellow? Oh Brass! I see you are a monster of ingratitude;---you don't value my favours.

BRASS. Oh yes, I do, sir; but it is the little girl's favours I want in this case; and you are giving away very generously what is not yours to bestow.

SIR F. She has promised to meet me here at twelve precisely. Now you must be here at the moment;--it will be dark---she won't see that damn'd ugly face of yours---and get her out of the way; for I have another game to play upon the same spot;---

(AMELIA, *enveloped from head to foot in a large cloak, steals from* L. H. *door, and exit by* L. H. *wing.*)

A French Marchioness, you dog, that lives in that room, (*pointing to* R. H. *door.*) with a jealous brute of a husband, has promised to meet me here at twelve o'clock!---the most lovely angelic creature!

BRASS. Lord, sir! you're a devil of a fellow!---but I've no particular objection to obliging you, sir.---

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SIR F. Obliging me ?---you ungrateful rascal ! when you ought to fall down on your knees, and thank me---

BASS. You'll excuse me, sir ; but you know you can't do without me.---

SIR F. (*Aside*) Egad ! that's very true.

BRASS. And sooner than spoil any affairs of yours, I'll take the young woman out of your way, sir ;---but I hope you don't suspect my morals, sir ?

SIR F. Oh no, Brass! I think I know them pretty well.

BRASS. Then I'll go and finish my supper, sir, if you please, sir?

SIR F. Do, Brass ! (*Exit Brass.*)

AME. (*Without, in a blustering tone.*) Show me instantly to his apartment!---I must and will see him, immediately !

BRASS. (*Heard without.*) You'll find my master in that room, sir !

Enter AMELIA, *dressed in an English uniform.*

SIR F. The honor of this visit, sir !

AME. No ceremony, sir ; I have no time for it.---I mean to cut the matter very short.

SIR F. Yes sir, and to cut me very short, it should seem, sir.

AME. Shorter by the head, sir, if I am fortunate ; or else I shall lay low myself.

SIR F. Really, sir !---

AME. It's of no use, sir, for you to stand chattering there, with your tedious circumlocutions, when I mean to go direct to the point.

SIR F. Pray do, sir.

AME. Then don't keep interrupting me, with your cursed long, round-about speeches ; let me come to the main question at once.

SIR F. Upon my soul !---

AME. Give me leave to observe sir, that it is damned rude to interrupt a gentleman in the thread of his discourse, with your long-winded explanations.

SIR F. (*Aside.*) Curse me, if I can get a word in edgeways !

AME. To proceed, sir :---you happen to know one Miss Amelia Wildlove ?

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SIR F. Very intimately, sir.

AME. Then, sir, I am that Miss Amelia Wildlove.

SIR F. Indeed, sir!

AME. Miss Amelia Wildlove's brother, I was about to have said, sir, if your abominably ill-bred habit of interrupting, had not prevented me.

SIR F. Give me leave to observe---

AME. There you go again; you'll never let me come to the end of my story---you are so confounded hasty.

SIR F. *(Aside)* The most impudent dog I ever met in my life!---he beats Brass hollow.

AME. Then, sir, I have to remark, that your conduct to my sister, Miss Amelia Wildlove, has been cruel, scandalous, and ungentlemanly in the extreme; and I am come here for the purpose of demanding satisfaction.

SIR F. Satisfaction, sir!

AME. Yes, sir, satisfaction. After six months' courtship, after gaining the poor girl's affections, after having fixed the very wedding day, to take yourself off in the most unaccountable manner, without a word of explanation;---Oh, it's not to be endured, sir! and I must have satisfaction.

SIR F. You shall have the very best satisfaction I can offer you;---take me to your sister, sir, and with her consent, she shall be Lady Frisky within an hour from our meeting.

AME. No, no, Sir, this tardy reparation, which the fear of my vengeance extorts from you, comes too late. Sir, my sister's character is committed by your departure; her heart is broken by your desertion, and nothing but your life, sir, can atone her wrongs. For shame! for shame! to wear the form of man, and thus to trample on the feelings of a woman. I never was, never will be, guilty of injuring one of that angel sex. I adore them; I would sacrifice my life to avenge their wrongs; for I feel their injuries as acutely as if they were my own.

SIR F. This is a most strange kind of discourse, sir; but since you have been pleased to hint at fear, sir, I shall show you that it is not the trumpery bit of scarlet on your back, that can protect you from my resentment; and prove to you, that courage may be found without a

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cockade in it's hat.---Name your weapons, time, and place, sir.

AME. Pistols,---the Shakspeare Cliff,---at Twelve Precisely.

SIR F. What time did you say, sir?---Twelve Precisely! Really that's a very odd time, sir. Will not your impatience wait till morning?

AME. I am about to join my regiment in France, sir, and, at half past twelve, I must be on board the transport.

SIR F. Then why wait till the last moment?---I will attend you directly.

AME. No, no, sir, I have some little affairs to settle between now and then. Twelve must be the time.

SIR F. But I assure you, sir, that a most pressing engagement, which admits not of postponement, will, at that hour, require my attention.

AME. Paltry excuse, to avoid me!---Come, come, sir, don't show the white feather: if once you are afraid of me, I shall know how to treat you. Don't tremble so: ---what engagement, sir, can be more imperative than the vindication of your honor?

SIR F. Your insinuations, sir, are to be repelled but in one manner:---at twelve I wait upon you.

AME. At twelve, I shall look for you here, sir; and in the mean time, I have letters of importance to write; but the inn is so full, that I know not where I shall be able---

SIR F. My apartment, in which you will find writing materials, is entirely at your service, sir.

AME. Sir, I am indebted to your complaisance, and shall avail myself of your offer; and I recommend you to bottle up your courage against twelve o'clock:--- you'll find me punctual; I always am on these occasions.---You'll add one more to my list of killed and wounded. Excuse me, sir; I would advise you as a friend---mark me! as a friend---to send for your undertaker.---It's a done thing, you may depend upon it.

[*Exit by* M. D.]

SIR F. Well, upon my soul, this is vastly agreeable! This little bit of a red-jacketed cock sparrow has been told that the only way to make himself a man is to incur the risk of becoming a dead one; and, because I and his sister have had a little misunderstanding, he

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must chuse me for his first mark. Confound the fellow! I would snuff him out of the world, with as little concern as I would a rushlight;---but he must fix twelve o'clock:---the devil fetch him !---twelve o'clock, when I was to have been much more agreeably engaged. I wonder what the devil people see in that hour of all others, that all appointments of love and war must be fixed at midnight.---We are going to change hours with the ghosts, and I suppose we shall have them walking about by broad daylight. Here, Brass! Brass! you're wanted.

Enter BRASS.

BRASS. I often am, sir, now-adays; there's no getting through the world without me.

SIR F. True, Brass.---Here, Brass, I'm in a devil of a mess.---I believe I must get you to take care of the Marchioness for me and all.---No, that won't do, neither, because you must go out with me.

BRASS. Go out, sir! Laws! where are you going to, to night, sir?

SIR F. To be shot, Brass.

BRASS. Laws, sir! don't think of such a thing; what can have put it into your head?

SIR F. Oh, a young gentleman in a red jacket; and he means to put a bullet into my head too, if I don't put one in his---a brother of Miss Amelia's, who not approving of my late excursion, wishes now to send me on one into the other world.

BRASS. Ah, sir! I always thought that trip to Paris was a bad business, and that no good could come from it.

SIR F. Oh! curse the fellow and his fighting freak! I should not value it a rush;---but no time will suit the coxcomb, but twelve at night.

BRASS. Twelve at night! why, sir, it will be the first duel that was ever fought by candle-light.

SIR F. Yes, Brass, and you must stand between us with a lanthorn.

BRASS. I'll hold it at the end of a particularly long pole, if you please, sir.---But then my appointment with the chambermaid, sir?

SIR F. I don't know what is to become of our appointments, Brass; but suppose, as nobody else will be

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on the prowl, the ladies must amuse each other for a quarter of an hour; we shall have dispatched our affair with Mars by that time, and can return, wreathed with glory, to the arms of Venus.

BRASS. Yes, sir, perhaps with a few shot holes that will let day-light through us.

SIR F. That can't be helped:---you must see to my pistols, Brass; carefully clean them, dry a few charges of powder, and weigh nicely a brace of balls.

BRASS. Oh, sir, it's a very awful affair; I begin to feel very much affected;---had you not better make your will, sir?---I hope you will remember your poor servant, sir.---Oh dear! oh dear! (*Blubbers.*)

AME. (*Heard without at* R. H. *door.*) Sacre bleu---Madame---vous me croyez fou---nous verrous---

SIR F. What the devil's in the wind now, I wonder?---

Enter AMELIA, *dressed a French Gallant of the Old School.*

AME. Aha! le voila, monsieur, je vous demande bien pardon von littel affaire d'honneur, how you do, sair?

SIR. F. Pretty well, I thank you, sir;---but who the devil are you?

AME. Who it is I am?---Allons, je vais vous expliquer. I go to tell you, who it is I am. Sair, I have be de great man among de great men---I was grand favori of his Majestè, Louis Seize, and I have ron away wid him, ven he did leave de France.

SIR F. Yes, I dare say you'd much rather run away with him, than stop and fight with him.

AME. And at the battel of Quiberon, I did jomp into de water, and swim, swim, swim, so vell vat I can, vilst de balles, de boulets did viz, viz, viz, round my hea[illegible]

SIR F. I wish, with all my heart, that one of them h[illegible] it it!

AME. Sair, I have dance at de Court of Versailles, avec toutes les plus belles dames, de most beautiful ladie of de Court---sair, I have make de lofe to dem all, not one did make de lofe to me.

SIR F. They must have had a cursed queer taste if they had!

AME. Den, sair, you see what great man I am, and you tink I shall let a you make a de lofe to Madame la

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Marquise, to my wife. I can't let no man beneath a duke make a de lofe to my vife.

SIR F. The devil you can't! I can only say that my not being a duke is quite as unpleasant to my feelings as it can be to yours.

AME. Monsieur, il ne vaut que deux mots---I shall tell to you in two word, vat I shall ron you through your littel bodie.

SIR F. Oh, you will, will you?---you'd much better run away, as you did before.

AME. Ah oui, monsieur, je le ferai certainement.---I shall do it in the most elegant maniere.---I shall prick you vere you like; in de heart, in de kidney, I shall bleed you in de wrist, I shall pick your teet wid my rapier, or I shall put your two eye in one.

SIR F. What an obliging creature!---And pray, when is this to be done?

AME. And for de time?---voyons donc---it shall be a minuit, at twelf precisement.

SIR F. The devil it shall! at twelve, did you say?

AME. At five minuit after twelf, you shall be de dead man.

SIR F. Here's a pretty fellow!---But I tell you, my dear sir, though it's very likely I shall be a dead man by that time, I can't possibly have the honor of being run through by you, because another gentleman is beforehand with you, and has fixed twelve o'elock to shoot me.

AME. Aha! You go to fight wid de pistolet? Now, to show you, vat I go to kill you comme il faut, like a gentleman, sans malice, quite in goot friend, I shall go wid you to your appointement; I shall be de seconde first, and I shall be firste de second.

SIR F. How the devil shall I ever manage all this? Two women to run away with, and two men to fight, at this cursed hour of twelve precisely!

AME. Aha! We shall have de ver pretty play! How ver fonny you shall look, ven I have pin you against de wall.

SIR F. Pin me against the wall? Oh, dear me! yes, very funny.

AME. I shall tell to you, if you had not toche my honneur, I should have very moche shew you, com-

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ment, how to make de lofe; parce quil faut vous dire---I must tell to you, dat you dit make de lofe to my vife in de maniere tout a fait barbare, not at all elegante.---Mais n'importe, nous verrons, at twelf o'clock---a ha! mon Dieu, how I shall make you skip---you shall skip---hop---jomp.---Oh que oui---it shall be so ver comique: you shall ron from me, I shall ron to you, and den I shall ron you tro' your littel bodie---au revoir, mon ami!

(*Exit by* R. H. *door.*)

Enter BRASS, L. H. *wing, with a brace of pistols.*

BRASS. Here they are sir, quite ready; how bright! how beautiful!---how cursedly killing they look, sir!

SIR F. Here's another scrape, Brass!---another appointment for twelve o'clock.

BRASS. With a woman or a man, sir?

SIR F. Oh! with a man---the devil take him! The abominable fool of a French Marquis, I suppose has overheard my appointment with his wife, and nothing will satisfy him but running me thro' the body at twelve o'clock.

BRASS. Perhaps the soldier will save him the trouble, sir.

SIR F. Which ever of them does send me out of the world at twelve o'clock, shall dread that hour all the rest of their lives; my ghost, Brass, shall haunt them every night, in the shape of a watchman, crying "twelve o'clock!" and strike terror to their hard hearts.

BRASS. Lord! Lord! sir, don't talk so dismal! you frighten me, sir; I shall always be afraid of twelve o'clock, myself sir.---Hark!

(*A Clock strikes.*)

SIR F. There it is, Brass! now Fortune befriend me! Glory first, and Love afterwards.

AME. (*Speaks as Chambermaid at* L. H. *door.*) Here I am, my darling, to the moment.

SIR F. The devil you are!---well, I can't attend to you now, my dear.

AME. (*Speaking at* M. D. *as* FRED. WILDLOVE.) Now, sir, your knell has rung---are you prepared?

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SIR F. Oh perfectly, sir; you are in a devil of a hurry, though.---If I could but get a word with the Marchioness, first.

AME. (*Speaking as the Marquis at* R. H. *door.*) Allons, Monsieur Marchons, a la mort a la gloire,---I'm quite ready. (*Changes the voice to that of the Marchioness.*) Ah barbare! cruel! èpargnez.---Oh mon amour, mon ami---come to me, to my heart!

SIR F. With all the pleasure in life, my dear, as soon as I have dispatched your booby of a husband!

AME. (*As the Marquis.*) Vat is dat you call de boobie? I shall boobie you.

SIR F. Come along---all of you; here I am.

Enter the LANDLORD.

LAND. There are six horses just come in, sir; and you may have a chaise for Brighton immediately, if you please.

SIR F. A chaise for Brighton, and join Amelia! delightful! charming! good bye, all of you.---Adieu! pretty Katty.---Pardonnez moi, my fair Marchioness! Mr. Wildlove, I shall give you a better satisfaction than shooting you; and Monsieur le Marquis, I am yours, at Dieppe, to-morrow night at the same hour.

AME. (*As Chambermaid, at* L. H. *door.*) Och! the sowl! and is it running away from me, you'd be after?

SIR F. Yes, my dear, without so much as a parting kiss.

AME. (*At* M. D. *as Wildlove.*) What, sir! do you run away from an appointment of honor?---Shame! shame!

SIR F. My honor I feel calls me another way, and I shall have resolution to obey its dictates.

AME. (*At* R. H. *door, as Marchioness.*) Ah! le traitre! il me perd!---he forsake, abandon me!---ah, perfide! (*Changing voice to Marquis.*) Il veut s'echapper!---he go to ron avay!---Oh, le poltron! le parvenu!---de vat you call damn coward!

SIR F. What the devil shall I do? Just as I want to set off in pursuit of my Amelia, these cursed fellows want to set me off to the other world. I feel that I owe to that dear girl every reparation, and I would make it to her, at the expense of all visionary notions of honor. Dam'me, how shall I get off?---I have it; I'll lock them

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all up. (*Locks* M. D.) Come, there you are, my fighting cock. (*Locks* R. H. *door.*) Monsieur le Marquis, instead of taking your revenge on me, persuade your wife to be more constant. I'll just turn the key on the little Irish jade, and then all for love and Amelia!---they may kick up all the row they like.

(*He has returned to* L. H. *door. As he is on the point of locking it, enter* AMELIA *from it, in propria persona.*)

AME. Amelia accepts the sacrifice.

SIR F. Amelia!---do my senses deceive me?

AME. No, but they have done for the last hour.

SIR F. And after having made a fool of myself abroad, am I come home to be made a fool of by you?

AME. My effort has been but to cure your folly.

SIR F. And it has done so most completely, sweet Amelia. I could never have believed it, though, if any one had told me you could have tricked me so confoundedly.

AME. What cannot woman's ingenuity accomplish, to secure the heart she values?--What will she not attempt, to obtain the inspiring plaudits of her best friends?---and how amply are her efforts rewarded, if she can excite their smiles at "Twelve Precisely," and each succeeding night pass pleasantly as "The Night at Dover."

(*During the dialogue,* PEGGY *has come from* L. H. *door, and has joined in the picture with* BRASS.)

FINIS.

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